

The POOR POET.

AH! dreadful state of my half-famish'd maw;
Keen are the pangs that empty bowels feel;
Pity my woe, ye cits with greasy jaw,
And aid my purse, to buy one scanty meal.

I feel my weakness, and lament the cause;
Oh! why was I to hunger's gripe betray'd;
'Twas bashfulness that bade me make a pause,
Tho' twenty dishes I, untouch'd, survey'd.

Ah! could I think when late I heap'd my plate,
Could I expect such fare would always last?
Bewitching smiles were in each savoury cate,
Which rais'd ideas, now my sole repast.

My patron mark'd the glee with which I cram'd!
Much good may't do you—was his frequent cry!
Now foodless, friendless, I lamenting stand;
Some happier fav'rite does my place supply.

I saw him to my rival give his hand,
And smiling, whisper—"Dine with me to-day."
Scarce could my famish'd guts their groans
command;

They croaking spake, what language can't convey.

In fancy's eye his treat luxurious dwells,
But wishes vain my haggard looks declare;
My verse no more with grateful ardour swells,
For, ah! no Poet is inspir'd with air.

When inanition shall have stop'd my breath,
And fame far round has spread the piteous tale;
My patron then, perhaps, may mourn my death;
Ah! what to me will then his tears avail?

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